

CHAPTER X.

BERTIE OFFERS CONGRATULATIONS. "Hello, old fellow! have you quite Torgotten your friends, or are thoughts so occupied with the fair Margaret that insignificant men like me can gain no entrance into the inner recesses of your mind?"

Brian was sitting in the library, with his feet gracefully elevated, and his mind deep in thought, and the enjoyment of a cigar, when Bertie burst in

upon him with this greeting.

He jumped to his feet at the sound of the well-remembered voice, and making a grab for Bertie's hand, wrung it for

some seconds in silence.
"So it is really you," he said, when he found his voice. "Declare! I wouldn't have known you. Take a chair and make yourself at home. Had an idea

you'd turn up."
"Like a bad penny," put in Bertie. By the way, that simile is about worn out. It should be relegated to oblivion in company with the threadbare jokes of mothers-in-law and servant-girls. How's the divine Margaret? You're a lucky devil, old fellow. I know but one girl as good as Margaret." And who is she?"

Bertie smiled knowingly and watched the smoke curling above his head, in

meditative stence.

"A secret just now," he said after a
pause. "But to return to Margaret.
She's a jewel worth the wearing. Things have turned out fortunately for you, I tell you. I felt mighty sorry for you at one time, and Margaret seemed all cut up about it. The loss of the money would have been rather hard on you,

"Rather," agreed Brian, anxious to change the subject. "You haven't told

me yet when you arrived."
"Yesterday afternoon, my boy. I descended upon the parental fold at a moment big with fate, as the poets say. My respected father had offered his fortune, not his hand, to my beloved cousin, and that impulsive young lady had refused it in a few choice but convincing words. A pitched battle seemed imminent, when my presence restored peace. Whereupon my mild parent fell upon my neck, metaphorically speaking, and called for the fatted calf.

"That is the history of my return. Very touching, is it not? Now, I'm here in hopes that Margaret will invited me to dinner. Think she will?"

"Perhaps," returned a laughing voice, Bertie turned quickly, to see Margaret standing in the door.
"Come in, he cried, "I've walked two

miles to see you." And get your dinner," she added, advancing into the room and taking the chair Brian offered her. "That admis-

sion of yours is against you.".
"And your tongue's as sharp as ever. I wonder if you treat poor Brian to the unmerciful lectures that used to fall to my lot. I pity him from my heart. Even now he hasn't a word to say for himself. Poor fellow!"

"He does look meek," responded Margaret, turning to Brian and endeavoring to draw him into the conversation. "I am afraid your sympathy doesn't appeal

to him. Unfortunately, pity is cheap."

"That is why I usually have such a supply on hand. I've always had two reasons for wishing to be your husband. Don't turn up your pretty nose, my dear; it spoils your beauty. As I was remarking about my two reasons, one is because I'd always be sure of a good dinner, and the other because I'd greatly enjoy the pleasure of taming such a

"Thanks for your interest, sir. For your enlightenment I'll inform you that it is not wise to attempt impossible tasks. I have no wish to play Catherine to your Betruchio. Oh, Miss Hilton, I am so glad to see you. Won't you take my part? I'm quite defenseless. Brian has sat here quietly and allowed me to fight my own battles." "That was too bad of Brian. I sup-

pose he considered you equal to the occasion."

"Just exactly, Miss Hilton," put in Bertie. "You know her of old. I've walked two miles to congratulate her on a certain coming event, and instead of accepting kindly intentions, she-"
"She thinks I'm the one to be con-

gratulated," put in Brian, awaking from a dream, as it were, and turning an inquiring glance on Margaret's crim-

"I certainly didn't intend to provoke discussion," she rejoined, slightly annoyed. "Miss Hilton brings us tidings of dinner, and Bertie, if you are not on your best behavior, you shan't have

any."
"I am a saint from this moment, said Bertie, as Margaret lowered her head to answer some comment of Bri-

an's.
"Well, Bertie, how long do you intend to stay?" asked Miss Hilton, as they

placed themselves about the table. He laughed heartily.

"That depends," he answered. "The uncertainty of the pater's temper prevents any settled 'calculation. I hope it may be several weeks, as I don't care. to return to the city during this weather; for if there's a more forlorn place than New York in summer I'm not anxious to come across it."

"It would never suit me," put in Margaret. "I believe I should find the very cobblestones dispiriting."

"It is a revelation to go through ita tenement districts. I had occasion to do so the other day, and it seemed to me humanity literally swarmed around me. How can people, raised under such conditions, have the instincts of human

"Yet we are a rich and prosperous people. Our treasury overflows with its surplus, and thousands of human beings are starving. By what law of jus-

tice do you reconcile that?"
"My dear Margaret, your question suggests a subject for a tariff debate. Ask the Colonel to discuss it with you."
"You speak too lightly, Brian. I know nothing of the tariff, but I do know that my sense of justice is being continually outraged. I do not believe that some should dine off of silver and gold and others want for bread. The poorest creature was certainly born with some rights. Don't laugh, please; I don't

consider the subject amusing."
"Nor I, my dear," remarked Miss Hilton, with a reproving glance at Brian. "You are so earnest, Margaret," he said, by way of excuse. "I pity those poor creatures, but I don't believe in findiscriminate charity. It tends to in-crease pauperism. Money comes too easy, and the necessity for work is done away with.

"Your rule may apply to others as well as the poor," was the half-scornful

she Wants, I'll shoot you. Now clear out, both of you. You addle my bewilreply. "I don't think it hurts any nu-man being to be taught that humanity "I don't think it hurts any hudered brain. grades no man to feel that others are

is helpful and tender-hearted. It de

considerately compassionate for his

woes and find a pleasure in contributing

to his happiness. It was a slight action that changed the current of Jean Xal-

jean's life. And the world is full of

not. I have all that money can buy; I

do not know an hour's discomfort, or

the want of even a luxury, and because some of my plenty finds its way to the unfortunares I am lauded to the skies.

at is a distorted idea. When I read of a

poor woman pledging the only thing of

value she possesses to keep a poorer neighbor from being turned upon the streets, or when I hear of a starving

creature sharing her crust with one who

has not even a crust, I realize some-

multitude of sins, and when people praise me I fell as big a hypocrite as

those pharisaical individuals whose re-

igion consists in going to church on

Sunday and picking out the parts of the sermon they think their neighbors

should practice, and whose charity be-

gins with a subscription list and ends

with Bibles sent to the heathen. I

don't admire those people. Let us talk of something else. I see your re-

proving eye, Miss Hilton, and I see Brian laughing, as usual. I wish he'd grow a little more sensible. What do you say, Bertie?"

"Your earnestness reminds me of Wil-

son. You remember him, Brian. He took his degree of medicine with you.

He's made quite a reputation in his pro-

fession and any number of physicians of

more years and longer practice are glad

always remarkable in his way. Brainy

"Does he practice in New York?

"Yes. He has no end of patients. Poor, most of them; but that's his own:

around in the tenement districts, curing

he finds neither fire nor food he not only

provides both but makes the fire and

ooks his provisions in the bargain.

Yes, he is a noble fellow. You should

meet him, Margaret. You and he would

me. I should like to know him."
"I had forgotten all about him," said

Brian, "though now I remember he took

especial interest in me when we were

studying together. His grand prophecies

have not been realized, I fear. He

tion it is to be regretted that there are

not more of his peculiar notions in the

As she made this remark Margaret

rose from the table, followed by Miss

Hilton. And Brian asked Bertie for a

mutually tired of each other's society.

ing of charity, the pater is a very good old fellow, though he tries to persuade

others to the contrary. You'll hear him discuss some poor chap in the strongest

possible terms, and likely as not you'll

come to find out the fellow's been enjoy-

Brian is already grinning over his ex-

CHAPTER XI.

THE COLONEL TAKES A HAND.

Bertie's hope was realized. No undue

exhibition of temper on the part of his

father had cut short his visit, and though

several weeks had passed, he was appar-

ently a fixture at The Cedars for an in-

for enjoying Alice's society, and the

He made the most of his opportunity

But he was not of a vacillating char-

acter, and as time went on, and matters

had not reached a definite settlement,

He regarded them fixedly for a mo-

ment, and with a look of grim determin-ation, and in words which fell with the

force of a bombshell on the ears of his

ing in here for? Confound me, if I un-

derstand such nonsense. For heaven's

sake, Bertie, have spunk enough to ask

the girl to be your wife. When I was courting your mother I said—plague take that girl if she hasn't run away.

this comes of your everlasting fooling.

borrowing his father's determination of

face and voice.

He left the room with alacrity, and

passing down the long hall looked into

every room; but no Alice was to be

seen. An open door leading into the

garden suggested her possible mode of

up to the crouching figure.
"Alice," he called, with new gentle-

strongly of tears.
"Poor father, I don't think he de-

"Bertie, if you don't leave me I'll hate

"It is very well to say that while your

face is covered, my dear, but fortunately

I know you don't mean it. My bird has been so coquettish and mocked me with

so many sweet songs, that I am glad to

see her caged at last. Now, as she per-

sistently refuses to unclose her eyes to

the beauty of my countenance, I shall

proceed to take matters in my own

This threat he promptly carried out.

Disregarding her resistance, he lifted

her blushing face until he could look

into her drooping eyes. Then, appar-

ently satisfied with his long, intent

gaze, he drew her closer to him, and

kissed her unresisting lips with a grave

tenderness.
"Alice, I was right; you do like me a

A half hour later, Alice suggested the

advisability of returning to the Colonel.

Bertie acquiesced reluctantly.
"Come in," called the old gentleman,

"How many miles did you have to

travel to find Alice? You've been gone

just thirty-five minutes, but I'll forgive you. Think you've gotten ahead of the old man, eh? Wouldn't have a wife of my choosing? Oh, no. Wanted an old mare to your liking. Humph! You approve not your got the very girl I

empty pate, you've got the very girl I picked out for you. Think I have taste, 'ch? Well, she'll lead you adance. She's

got the devil's own temper, and you're

"I am your son," was the imperturba-

"Yes, yes. Nobody'd think it, though.

You'll never have your father's sense, boy. Come here, you little coquette, and kiss your uncle. And, Bertie, you

scamp, if you don't give her everything

as they hesitated at the door.

about her equal, sir.'

ble reply.

have something to tell you."

bands.

little.'

What under heaven are you two mop-

surprised listeners, he exclaimed:

some action on his part.

"Like the pater and myself," put in

"By the way, Margaret, speak-

"If he comes up to Bertie's descrip-

always had very peculiar notions.'

Brian has never mentioned him to

people for nothing. Sometimes when

He's a great hand for going

to call him in consultation. He

and all that. Rich, too.

agree on many points."

world.

Bertie.

game of billiards.

pected triumph.

asked Margaret.

An clear out they did, with alacrity. During the days that followed Margaret and Alice saw a great deal of each other, but this constant companionship was fraught more of pain than of pleas-ure to Margaret, for the happy contentment which filled Alice's heart mocked her with the knowledge of something wanting in her own life. The pain was Jean Valjeans waiting for their grain of encouragement. No, Bertie, I am not charitable; you may think so, but I do hidden in her own heart, but her doubts and fears found outward expression in nervous restlessness, a lack of definite purpose and lowness of spirits. Many times did she reproach herself severely for allowing such feelings to influence her; but, do what she would, she could not banish the vague pain with which she looked forward to the future. "It is not that I am unhappy," she told her-self, "but it is the possibility of what lies before me."

One evening, during one of Brian's periodical visits to Elmwood, she went with him to take dinner at The Cedars. She found the evening thoroughly enjoyable, and for the time being she laid aside her depression and was in bril-liant spirits. The Colonel, whose vein was particularly happy, kept her by his side and made himself especially en-

tertaining. "You needn't be jealous," he said to Brian, "you'll enjoy all her sweetness presently. No hope for us old fellows. You young ones manage to shine us down and the girls like your handsome faces and forget your empty heads.

expense, but when his eye met Margaret's he was both surprised and perplexed at its peculiar expression. During the ride home he found her gay spirits had given way to a moody si-

lence, which he tried several times to

Brian joined in the laugh raised at his

break without much success.
"I was hoping for a nice talk with you," he said at last rather desperately, "but you seem determined not to gratify me. You know that I return to the city to-morrow, too, and I won't see you again until I come to claim you for my own. My darling, if you could realize with what unspeakable joy I look for-ward to that time. But you are so cold I can't understand you, Margaret. Sometimes I begin to fear you regret." "Don't begin to think anything so devoid of sense, Brian. If I can't believe in disinterested affection it isn't my fault. Some one stole my faith from

She settled back in her corner with these words and wrapped her cloak

more closely about her.

"I am very cross, Brian," she added after a moment of self-reproach. "I don't want to be cross to you. Please remember that even when I forget it I am sorry I ever had a heart.

"Had, Margaret?" he repeated brightening at once at her gentle tones. "Oh, don't let us be doleful, please. Talk of something else.

After this outburst Margaret settled still further back in her corner, and "Don't leave us too long," cautioned Margaret. "Miss Hilton and I will grow Brian tried in vain to catch a glimpse of her face in the flickering light of the two carriage lamps.
No further remark broke the silence,

which lasted until they reached home. TO BE CONTINUED.

THEY DIED TOO SOON.

George Washington was President and honored in his day, He was the father of the land and all things

ing his bounty all the time A queer chap, altogether," he concluded, not very respectfully. "Au revoir, Margaret, came his way; He had a basketful of fun, a wagonload of

But he never was a rooter at a baseball

Napoleon conquered half the world and had a crown of gold, And in his time his cup was just as full as it could hold.

It looks from here as though he should have had his share of fun-But he never strained his vocals when the

Colonel smiled grimly at his maturing home team won. And also Alexander, he turned most every trick,

And then shed tears because there were no he began to consider the advisability of more worlds left to lick. With this idea in view he came rather climbed 'way up the ladder, as high as unexpectedly on Bertie and Alice in the sitting-room one morning. people get-

But he never pawned his sceptre to pay a

-Chicago Record.

## PITH AND POINT.

A married man has the same dread of a dry goods store that a farmer has of a lightning-rod agent. - Atchison Globe.

"I am reduced to great extremities May the Lord give me patience with such young ninnies! Where's she gone?" "I'll find her, sir," volunteered Bertie. again," sighed the funny man, as he tossed off another joke or two involving the Chicago girl .-- Chicago Tri-

"Don't you think that 'Charity' is a queer title for your new book?" "Not Charity begins a tome, you know."-Philadelphia Chronicle-Dispatch. Blenkington-"I wonder why

escape, and immediately he followed the narrow path which led to a summer 'churchyards yawn,' as Shakspere says?" Pemberton—"Probably the house. A few rapid steps brought him epitaphs of deceased millionaires make ness in his tones.
"I'll never forgive uncle, never!" she them tired."—Truth.

exclaimed, with her face still buried in She-"What I object to in a boardher hands, and her voice hinting rather ing-house is the lack of tone." He-'Oh, ha! You haven't heard the girl in the next room singing, 'When sumserves your ill-will. Look up, Alice, I mer comes again."-Judy.

Miss Borely—"I called on Miss De Vere to-day." Miss Cutting—"So did 1." Miss Borely—"She was looking very tired." Miss Cutting-"Yes; she said you had just called."-Tit-Bits.

'See here, boy, I've come to lick the editor." Office Boy-"Guess you won't like the job. He's just been tarred and feathered."—New York Domestic Laurels—"My wife beat the record this week." "How do you

Ferocious Visitor (entering office)-

know? Did she have a cyclometer on her wheel?" "No; she wore a pedometer while she was cleaning house." -Chicago Record. Visitor—"I see your tracks are not depressed." Stockholder of the Old Squashville Railroad—"No, but the stockholders are; the blamed old con-

New York Tribune. Doctor-"Don't be alarmed. I was sicker than you are a year ago, and with the same trouble. To-day I am well and hearty." Patient (anxiously) -"Oh, doctor, tell me who was your physician."—Waterbury.

cern has just passed a dividend."-

A Slip: Tom-"So the heiress refused Jack?" Harry-"Yes; but he has himself to blame. He was going through the 'only girl' formula, but he forgot himself and told her she was the richest girl he ever loved."-

When a man is asleep, and forgets that he is alive, is his happiest time.

# BUILT A HOUSE.

N GHIO WOMAN PLANS AND BUILDS HER OWN HOME.

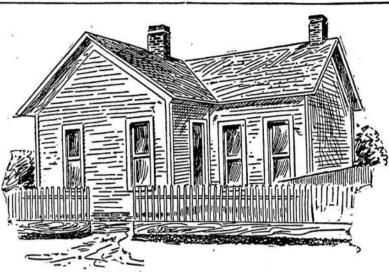
der Husband a Cripple-From Foundation to Roof the Building Shows the Brave Wo man's Handiwork.

WIFE of forty-nine who has proved herself a helpmate indeed is Mrs. Elizabeth A. Foster, of Portsmouth, Mr. Foster has but one hand. Ohio. They are hard working people. Hav-ing no children, by saving their earnings they accumulated enough to buy a lot on Walnut Hills, a suburb of Portsmouth. They soon found their the Rio Grande. So far no cure has accumulations would buy the lumber, but were not sufficient to build a cotton have been abandoned in consehouse. Mr. Foster's father was a car-

COTTON BOLL WEEVIL.

A Pest Which Recently Appeared in the United States.

United States Government considers the cotton boll weevil, a picture of which is here shown, to be one of the most dangerous pests that has ever made its appearance in the United States. It has so far confined its operations to Northern Mexico and a limited area in Texas. It has in some localities shown a tendency to spread rapidly, while in others it is said to have been at work for years in very small areas, and shown little signs of extending operations. Department experts have been at work investigating his bugship for some months past in the neighborhood of Brownsville on been discovered, and many acres of



HOUSE BUILT BY MRS. ELIZABETH A. FOSTER WITH HER OWN HANDS.

penter, and he had learned the art of drawing plans for buildings, but being minus one hand and crippled in the other he could not do any work. Mrs. Foster's father was also a carpenter, and in her younger days she had spent many hours watching him in the erection of buildings.

She was above the average in intelligence, and had gained such a thorough knowledge of the general mechanism of the trade that she concluded she could build a house that would afford them a comfortable home in which to spend the declining years of life. They together formulated the plans and ordered the material. Mrs. Foster then staked off the ground and went to work laying the brick founda-While this was new work for tion. her, her general knowledge of how things ought to be served her well, and she hewed to the lines closely. When the chips had all fallen she found that she had a foundation that would have been a credit to any mechanic. Then with the little assistance her husband

could give her, such as holding timbers and lines, she erected the framework, nailed on the weather boarding, and was soon interesting the passersby in her work of nailing on the shingle roof. Mrs. Foster is very modest, and felt somewhat embarrassed to have people

who happened to pass that way stop and stand for several minutes watching her drive the nails, saw and plane,



MRS. FOSTER, THE WOMAN CARPENTER yet she says it is consoling to her to know that when done she had a house and owed no mechanic for building it, 'and then, you know," she says, "that when persons are working for themselves they will do much better work, and I think I have a better house than any man would have built

for me.' Mrs. Foster was born in Perry County in 1847. She moved to Portsmouth in 1886, and was married to Frank Foster shortly afterward.

Curious Attachment to Tall Buildings. Pedestrians in New street have their

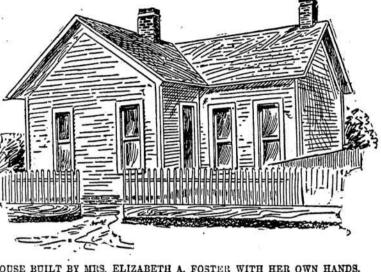
attention attracted by a curious attachment to the front of one of the tall buildings that line that thoroughfare. Extending from the second story and projecting about four feet over the sidewalk along the front of the edifice in question is a very substantial balcony, composed of a stout wire netting, supported by iron, rods dependent from the walls. At the same time it is too light to serve as a support for any one, and at first view the beholder is art to wonder what its purpose can be. The answer is that the ornamentation of the building is made of terra cotta, and the recent cold weather has split and chipped it to such an extent that the falling pieces, varying in the size from a pea to a good-sized brick, became a danger to pedestrians in a narrow street below. Consequently, the owners erected this screen to catch the falling debris, and by a small expenditure have perhaps warded off some good-sized suits for damages. -New York Advertiser.

A Curious Lake,

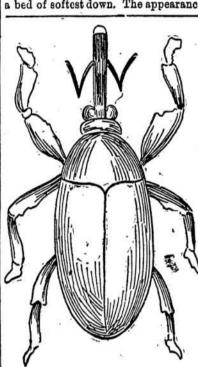
A curious lake has been found in the island of Kildine, in the North Sea. It is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, in which sponges, codfish and other marine animals flourish. The surface of the water, however, is perfectly fresh, and suports daphnias and other fresh water creatures.

The soil of Cuba has no rival, especially for tobacco and sugar.

The Agricultural Department of the quence.



An extraordinary thing about this creature is that it will live in a cotton boll and nowhere else, and once secreted inside of these shells it is safe from enemies and snug and comfortable in a bed of softest down. The appearance



COTTON BOLL WEEVIL, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED of this insect is dreaded later in the

Refinements in Measurement,

Not the least marvel of science is the degree of refinement to which its measurements are now carried. Lens curvatures of 1-150,000 of an inch. according to "Engineering Mechanics," can be measured. In spectroscopic analysis of mere traces of different elements, fractional wave lengths are read to 1-250,000 millionth of an inch. Professor Dewar, in his researches in liquid air, attained a vacuum of 1-2500 millionth of an atmosphere by filling a vessel with m curial vapor and exposing it to a very low temperature; and Professor Boys, with a simple arrangement of quartz fiber, torsion balance, and mirror, claims to have been able to just detect an attractive force of 1-20,000 of a grain. In angles, the Darwin pendulum will indicate a movement of 1-300 of a second-about the angular measurement of a penny piece at a distance of 1000 miles.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Trout Gain Four Pounds in a Year.

About a year ago two boys were fishing with hook and line in Lake Johnson, Bronson, Fla., and caught two trout only a few inches long, and placed them in a small pond. A few days ago they went to the pond where the trout had been placed and caught them. They weighed more than four pounds each. The pond was nearly dry, and, as these were the only fish there, they must have been the same ones. Trout and bream are being caught in large quantities in the lake.

—Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.

Two Thousand Earthquake Shocks. The recent eruptions of Hawaiian volcanoes recall the fact that during the last eruption of Mauna Loa, in 1868, there were over 2000 earthquake shocks in twelve days. The steam from the crater rose to a height of

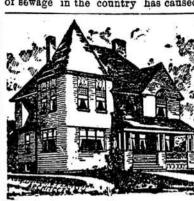


Proficient Bicyclist-"Well, chap, how are you getting on?" Commencing Bicvelist-"Thank you, not badly; but I find I can get off better."-Panch.

A QUESTION OF SEWAGE.

The Disposal of Liquid Wastes for Isolated Houses.

In constructing a country house, most important and vexing problem confronts the builder. The disposal of sewage in the country has caused



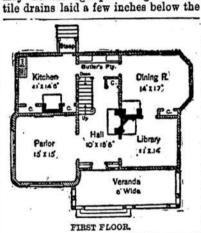
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

more trouble than all of the other features of house building and management put together; even the nesi neighborhood of a running stream into which the sewage may be discharged does not afford relief. Those who dwell lower down on the stream are likely to make complaint of the contaminations, and they may ask re-lief from the law. At the present time the main reliance is upon cesspools, but they are always filthy contrivances, and serve as a constant

menace to health.

At a recent meeting in New York, Colonel George E. Waring and Alexander Potter, both eminent sanitary engineers, delivered brief addresses on "Country House Sewage," and the former gentleman has written an article describing and fully illustrating a system for the disposal of liquid wastes for isolated houses in a recent issue of "Shoppell's Modern Houses" published in New York. Both of these gentlemen are thoroughly opposed to the cesspool system, and advocate the daily delivery of sewage onto the surface of the ground. At the first glance this seems most repugnant to the uninitiated who conceive of sewage as the contents of the cesspool after it has putrified. But fresh sewage that is delivered upon the surface is absolutely inodorus and inoffensive. According to the Massachusetts standard it consists of 998 parts of water, one part of mineral matter and only one part in a thousand of organic matter. It furnishes no menance to health when delivered on the surface, but merely enriches the ground and makes it more productive. It is not intended that it should be a constant flow over the same section of ground, for in that case the soil would soon become saturated and offensive. Two sections of land are made available, and the flow is daily diverted from one to the other, thus giving the soil a chance to recuperate.

There are certain modifications of the system that make it more widely applicable. It may be that in a country estate there is no available section of land that can be used for sewage drainage without becoming too conspicuous. In that case the drainage may be through porous agricultural tile drains laid a few inches below the

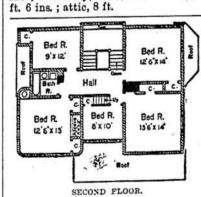


surface of the ground. In case it be impossible or unadvisable for any reason to discharge the sewage as soon as it is produced, a retaining tank may be constructed. But in any case it should be discharged within twentyfour hours before there is any chance of putrification.

We illustrate this article with a design of a house, attractive in appearance and suitable for erection in a territory where the sewers have not been laid, and where a system of "surface disposal" could be adopted to better advantage than the use of a cesspool.

General Dimensions: Width, including dining-room bay and tower projection, 44 ft. 4 ins. ; depth, includng veranda, 35 ft. 2 ins.

Heights of Stories: Cellar, 6 ft. 6 ins.; first story, 9 ft.; second story, 8



Exterior Materials: Foundation. stone; first and second story walls, gables and roofs, shingles.

Interior Finish: Three coat plaster. hard white finish. Plaster centres in hall and principal rooms of first story. Soft wood flooring and trim throughout. Ash staircase. Panel backs under windows in hall and principal rooms, first story. Kitchen and bathroom, wainscoted. Chair-railin diningroom. All interior wood-work grain filled, stained to suit owner and finished with hard oil varnish. Colors: Shingling on walls, gables

and roofs, dipped in and brush-coated with moss-green stain. Trim, including cornices, veranda posts, rail, outside casings for doors and windows, conductors, etc., dark green. Sashes, blinds and outside doors, dark red. Veranda floor and ceiling, oiled.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Cellar under the whole house, with inside and outside entrance and concrete attic, the remainder of attic floored freedom.

for storage. Bath-room, with complete plumbing, in second story. Stationary wash-bowl in tower bedroom. Brick-set range. Fireplaces in hall, dining-room and library. Wide dou-

ble folding doors connect hall and parlor and hall and library. Cost: \$3500, not including mantels, range and heater. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of

the country the cost should be less. Feasible Modifications: General dimensions, materials and colors may be changed. Cellar may be reduced in size or wholly omitted. Laundry tubs could be transferred from cellar to kitchen. Two additional rooms may be finished in the attic, or the attic may be left entirely unfinished. Fireplace may be planned in parlor. Veranda may be increased in size. Dining-room bay could be carried up two stories, thus enlarging the bed-room over the dining-room.

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### A Bank Clerk's Revenge.

This is a story about a girl and a man. The girl lives over in George-town, where she is distinctly the belle. I don't know where the man lives; but during business hours he is to be found in a bank not far from the Fifteenth street cable transfer. He is blonde, and is a favorite in the exclusive set in which the Georgetown girl moves. He and she had wordsonce upon a day. They had so many words, in fact, that the girl, who is said to have more than a bit of temper, ordered him never to presume to speak to her again as long as he lived. She forbade him to recognize her, even, and said that she would make it a point to forget that she had ever met him. This was last winter. The other day she went into the bank in which he is employed, to have a check cashed. The blonde young man appeared at the window. He took the check and examined it carefully. It was a broiling hot day. The Georgetown girl was in a hurry. She hadn't an acquaintance within half an hour's walk. The blonde young man handed

the check back. "Very sorry, madam," said he, but you'll have to get somebody to dentify you before I can cash the

And she had to do it. - Washington

2000 Stolen Letters. The English Postoffice is universally recognized as an institution of won-derful efficiency, but from a reported incident it would appear that a few thousand or more letters and things

go astray. George Twen, a postman, was charged with stealing letters and parcels. The prisoner was arrested on Wednesday, and when a search was made by the police of the stables in the George Inn yard where he keeps his pony, 2000 letters and parcels were found, addressed to all parts of the United Kingdom. The parcels con-tained, among other things, butter, funeral wreaths and clothing. The stoppage of letters is supposed to have been going on for some time, as some of them are dated 1891, and mice had built in the papers. The prisoner was remanded.—New York Journal.

Courage of the Lion and Tiger.

"One time in order to test the courge of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well-known showman, "we placed a Chinese cracker in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in

a widely different manner. "The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinch-

ing gaze. 'On reaching the cracker he began to roll it over the floor with his paw, and when it exploded beneath his nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion, and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."-New York Mercury.

Finest Church Organ. What is said to be the finest church organ in the country has just been set up in the South Congregational Church, of New Britain, Conn. It cost \$20,000, and includes every possible modern improvement. Its bank of keys is movable, and electrically connected with the organ, so that the instrument can be played from any part

of the church.

A Boy Slave's Heavy Burden. This illustration is from a photograph sent by the Rev. W. K. Firminger, of the Universities' Mission, Zanzibar, to the London Graphic. It represents a sight not at all uncommon in the streets of the native quarters of Zanzibar, East Africa. Slaves who have run away and are recaptured are usually punished in the manner depicted. The little boy in the illustration was about seven years old, and had carried the log, weighing over thirty-two pounds, and the heavy chain



floor. Laundry with two set-tubs in for over a year. Mr. Firminger was cellar. One servant's room finished in afterward able to procure the boy's